

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents

BONNIE PANYCH, soprano

assisted by

SAMUEL LANCASTER, piano

Tuesday, March 10, 1981 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

- Tonadilla. Enrique Granados
El tra la la y el punteado (1867-1916)
El Majo Timido
La Maja Dolorosa No. 1
La Maja Dolorosa No. 2
La Maja Dolorosa No. 3
La Maja de Goya
El Mirar de la Maja
El Majo Discreto
- Three songs. Felix Mendelssohn
Der Blumenstrauss (1809-1847)
Neue Liebe
Frühlingslied
- Cinq Poèmes de Max Jacob Francis Poulenc
Chanson (1899-1963)
Cimetière
Le Petite Servante
Berceuse
Souric et Mouric
- L'Amerò Sarò Costante
from the Opera "Il Rè Pastore". Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Diane New, violin
- Telephone Aria
from the Opera "The Telephone". Gian Carlo Menotti
(b. 1911)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Panych.

The tra la la and Guitar-Strum

It is useless, my majo (man of Madrid),
For you to persist,
For there are some things which I answer always with a song.
No matter how much you question,
You will not distress me,
I will not end my song.

The Timid Majo

There is a majo that comes to my window in the evening, and looks at me.
As soon as he sees me and sighs, he goes down the street.
Oh! what a dullard of a man,
If this is the way it will be,
A fine time I shall have
Again he goes by and looks at me and doesn't get enthusiastic
In a very quiet voice I tell him
"Goodbye Mr. Phantom."
Oh! what a dullard of a man,
If this is the way it will be, A fine time I shall have.

The Sorrowful Maja (Woman of Madrid) No. 1

Oh cruel death! Why did you by treachery
Take my majo, my passion?
I don't want to live without him,
For it is death to live so
It is impossible now to feel more pain;
My soul is dissolved in tears.
Oh God! Return my love,
For it is death to live so.

The Sorrowful Maja No. 2

Oh, Majo of my life, no, no, you have not died!
Would I still be alive if that were true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your destiny.
Alas! your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream, my majo no longer exists,
The world about me is weeping and sad.
I find no consolation in my sorrow,
But even dead and cold, my man will always be mine.

The Sorrowful Maja No. 3

Of that beloved majo who was my glory
I cherish a happy memory.
He loved me ardently and truly.
And I gave my whole life to him,
And I would give it again a thousand times.
If he desired it,
For when feelings are profound,
Torments are sweet.
And as I think of my beloved Majo,
dreams come back of a time gone by.
Neither in the Mentidero
nor the Florida
(Well known streets in Madrid)
Was a majo more handsome even seen to stroll. Beneath the broadbrimmed hat I
saw his eyes fixed upon me passionately, for they carressed the one on whom they rested.
In all the world I have never seen a more piercing look, and as I think of my beloved
majo dreams come back of a time gone by.

The Maja of Goya

I will never forget in my life the distinguished and beloved image of Goya.
 There is not a woman who does not miss him now.
 If I found one who would love me as he loved me, I should not convey, nor desire
 greater fortune or happiness.

The Gaze of the Maja

Why do my eyes have this deep look? I must lower my lids to mask scorn and hatred.
 Such fire they give forth, that if by chance with passion I fit them on my love, they
 make me blush. Therefore, the man to whom I have given my soul, when meeting me, pulls
 his hat down and says to me. My Maja! Do not look at me, For your eyes are like light
 ning, and with their burning passion, they destroy me.

The Discreet Majo.

They say that my Majo is homely;
 Perhaps it is so,
 For love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles.
 For a long time I have known that he who loves is blind.
 But if my majo is not a man who is noted for being handsome,
 He is, on the other hand, discreet and keeps a secret which I confided in him
 Knowing that he is trustworthy.
 What then is the secret that the Majo kept?
 It would be indiscreet for me to tell
 No little effort is needed to discover the secrets a majo has with a woman.
 He was born in Lavapies (section of Madrid)
 He's a majo, a majo he is.

Three Songs - Mendelssohn

Der Blumenstrauss

She walks around in a flower and inspects the many flowers.
 All the little flowers look up to her and ask "Are you the messenger
 of Spring proclaiming it ever new
 So become also the one who loves me true.

She looks over the garden and collects a lovely bouquet and hands it to her
 friend avoiding his look. Do not ask what pedals and colours mean from the
 eyes of the one who speaks of the sweetest spring.

Neue Liebe

In the glow of the moon in the forest, the Elfs ride by. Their horns
 I heard ringing, their bells I heard ringing.
 Their little, white horses had golden antlers and they flew by quickly like
 wild swans that fly through the air.
 The Queen smiled and nodded at him while she rode past.
 Was that my new love or was that supposed to mean death.

Frühlingslied

Now Spring is coming and the sky is blue. The paths are dry and the
 wind blows warm. Now comes the spring and the birds are chirping as they call
 their mates. The trees are budding. I pick flowers for my sweetheart along
 the path to his place.

Cinq Poèmes de Max Jacob - Poulenc

In these poems the poet is recalling his childhood in Brittany. An artless,
 simple-minded little peasant girl sings her trials and troubles.

Chanson

I have lost my chicken and I have lost my cat. I run to the dust hole, if God
 will give them back to me. I'll go and see Jean le Coz and Marie Maria. Go
 and see Herode perhaps he will know. Passing by the hall, All the town was
 there to watch my chicken dancing with my cat. All the birds of the country
 side on the walls and on the roofs played the trumpet for the kings banquet.

Cimetière

If you drive my sailor away you will put me into the cemetery. White rose, white rose and red rose. My tomb is like a garden, like a garden red and white. On Sundays you will go, white rose. You will take a walk, white rose and white rose. Aunt Yvonne on All Saints day, a wreath of painted iron, she will bring from her garden. On painted iron with Satin pearls. If God raises me up I will go to paradise with white rose, with a golden Halo, Rose white and white lily. If my sailor should return, red rose and white rose, he will come near to my tomb. Do you remember our childhood, white rose. When we played on the quay.

La Petite Servante

Keep us safe from fire and thunder, thunder runs like a bird. If the Lord sends it, Blessed be the Havoc. If the devils sends it, drive it away quickly. Keep us from scabs and pimples, from the Plague and leprosy. If you send it to make me penitent, Lord, let it be, thank-you. If the devil sends it, drive it away quickly. Out of your pouch, out of my neck and my head. St. Elmo's fire, St. Vitus' dance, if the Devil sends it, Dear God! drive him out of here. Let my grow up quickly and give me a good husband who is not too much of a drunkard and will not beat me every evening.

Berceuse

Your father is at mass and your mother is at the cabaret. You will get your bottom spanked if you go on crying. My mother was a beggar woman on the moor at Auray. And I am making pancakes while I rock you with my foot. If you should die of croup, colic or diarrhoea. If you should die of the scabs that you have on your nose, I should go shrimping at low tide. To make soup of the heads. There is no need for hooks.

Souric et Mouric

White rat and black mouse, have come into the cupboard to touch the spider. The spider weaves on the loom a beautiful linen cloth. Send it off to Paris, to Quimper to Nantes, it will send well. Put the coins aside, you will buy a meadow, some apple trees for the season and three fine cows, a bull for stud. Sing tree-frogs for the night is falling. At night you hear them well, toads and frogs. Listen my blackbird and my magpie who talks. Listen all the day long. You will learn to sing.

L'Amerò Sarò Costante - Mozart

I will love you
I will be constant
Faithful spouse and faithful lover
One so dear and so sweet on object
My joy, my delight
My piece I will find.